Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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MOTHER'S HANDS.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

I SOMETIMES ponder, one by one,
On all the tasks her hands have done—
The loaves of bread which they have mixed,
The tops and kites they've made and "fixed,"
The little frozen fingers pressed,
The bleeding cuts with cob-webs dressed,
The burning foreheads laved and soothed,
And tangled locks so gently smoothed.

What frocks and aprons cut and fitted!
What garments pieced, and stockings knitted!
What merry polkas Monday morn
They played with clothing soiled and worn
Upon the sonorous wash-board keys,
The suds all rainbow-symphonies—
Then wrung, and rinsed, and starched, and dried,
And ironed, baking bread beside—
Just those two small, brown, knotted hands!
I think that he who understands
The work that mother has to do
Could not be aught but kind and true.

If all the garments which she planned,
And cut and finished all "by hand"—
The coats, the trousers, vests, and shirts,
The dresses, aprons, sheets, and skirts—
Could, with her carpets, quilts, and spreads,
Her pillows and her feather beds,
Be piled before astonished eyes,
I think they would obscure the skies!

Poor knotted hands! life's sweetest grace
Can find no witchery to efface
Marks of self-bondage, which did hold
You closer than your ring of gold!
And when your countless tasks are ended,
And all life's broken spots are mended—
Its raveled ends all found and knitted,
Each dropped stitch to its neighbor fitted—
And you lie still on pulseless breast,
How will you feel the joy of rest,
Who found no time on earth to keep
An idle hour except in sleep?

"ALL TRANSFERRED!"

BY J. K. R.

IT was a large class that assembled in old Haworth Grammar School one bright morning in June. Twenty-five boys eagerly awaited the report of the examining board. Slowly arose the president of the board, and as name after name was read a joyful smile flitted across each face.

"All transferred!" cried Charlie Thompson. "Isn't that jolly?"

Just then his eye fell upon Harry Withrow, who sat with bowed head and tearful eyes. The smile disappeared, and the boys passed out.

"Say, boys, wasn't Hal transferred?" asked Charlie, after the former had gone out of hearing distance.

"No, and it's an outrage. Hal's a good fellow, and I'm mighty sorry he has to stay in old dingy Haworth," said Willie Cortland.

"I don't believe that hateful old board would let him pass," Cal Carter remarked.

"I guess nothing was wrong with the board," replied Willie; "but I tell you, fellows, something has been wrong with Hal lately. He hasn't been at all like himself. He seems so down-hearted, and sits by the hour brooding over some trouble."

"Yes, and he never cares to play with us any more," ventured Ben Trotter. "Why, Hal Withrow used to be the best ball-player in our school; and don't you remember last chestnutting he jumped a whole hand above any of us? I'm certain he's troubled."

"Does any fellow know what is the matter?" asked Willie. "I remember when we passed from B to A division he wasn't below me, and I was tenth."

"Yes, he came right after me; I was fifth," said Mark Hoskins.

"I'm not certain, fellows, but I think I know the trouble," began Charlie. "Hal commenced to look badly right after his mother was sick, last Thanksgiving. He stopped school about that time. And you remember when she died, just before Christmas, how hard he took it. He didn't get back to school until—well, some time in February. You know we commenced algebra and Latin at the beginning of the second term. Of course he got away behind, and I guess never caught up. I see him every day going by our house, and once I followed him. Where do you think I found him?—in the cemetery, sitting near his mother's grave. I did want to say something to him, but I can never think of any thing at such times, so I left him there."

"That's just it, boys," said Willie, "he never caught up. I remember once he asked me how to decline a noun of the first declension, and when I laughed he went back to his desk. He never asked me to do any thing after that. At first I got mad, but I've often since wished he would ask me something."

"Yes, he asked me to add a simple sum in algebra for him not long ago, and when I looked surprised he asked me if I liked algebra. I thought, of course, he was in fun," remarked Tom Huber.

It came to those boys as a sudden revelation that here was one of their best scholars and most earnest fellows actually pining away and losing interest in every thing, principally because he had not received from them the sympathy and assistance he had a right to expect. The very thought was bitter. But added to this the fact that he was unsuccessful in his examinations, and that they were to lose him from their class, caused a pang to enter deeply into twenty-four true hearts. Hardly would one recognize that serious crowd of boys to be the same that used to stir up the whole community in the neighborhood of Haworth School. They looked one to the other. Some faces expressed deep pity; others were inquiring. It was late, but every boy there was willing to do his part, if any thing could be done.

Then Charlie spoke. "Look here, boys, it's three months before school opens; I wonder if we can't help Hal?"

"How?" cried several at once.

"Why, I believe if we make a full statement of this to the examining board they will give him a chance in the fall. Really, fellows, I feel I'll not be contented unless he goes with us through the normal, and I—I'm willing to see the board, if—"

"I'll go along," anticipated Mark Hoskins.

"So will I," said Guy Leonett.

"All right, we three will go; and now I think some of us ought to help Hal with his work this summer."

"I'll help," cried three or four.

"So will I," came from several more.

"Good! we'll put it to vote. All who will help Hal Withrow this summer will raise their hands!"

Up went twenty-four hands.

"That's jolly," said Charlie; "all will help."

The three who agreed to see the board volunteered also to call on Hal and tell him what they had done. They then all agreed to meet at old Haworth next day to assign to each his part, if the scheme was practicable.

Just then the examining board came out of the school-room, and the committee waited on them immediately, Charlie being spokesman. Their story was well received, and very gladly did they offer to give him another trial in the fall. When the boys heard this they cheered the board to the echo, and you could have heard Cal Carter above all the others.

Then the committee went to see Hal. His eyes were red from crying, and when he first saw the boys almost a bitterness settled around his mouth. After several unsuccessful attempts Charlie told him what they had done. He seemed stunned for a moment, and then rushed upon Charlie, and, embracing him, wept upon his neck. This was more than the boys could stand, so after hastily promising to return next day they left him.

"I don't see how we could have been so thoughtless—yes, so cruel—to Hal," said Mark, after a long silence. "He's a royal fellow. I tell you nothing shall interfere with my time for teaching him."

"Nor with mine," "Nor mine," replied the others.

The end of the vacation was nigh. Faithfully had Hal worked with the assistance of the other boys, whom he in turn helped in many other ways. They had reviewed all the work of the year, and had studied together many new and interesting subjects, so that the vacation was the happiest they had ever spent. The examining board again met the students. The same president arose, and, amid the cheers of the boys, announced that Harry Withrow had very creditably passed his examinations.

The end of the normal course had come. The same examining board were present, and, although the class was very much larger, the same twenty-five boys from Haworth sat closely together near the front of the chapel. The same president arose. In almost breathless anxiety the boys awaited the name of him who was to lead their class. "Harry Withrow," called the president. Their enthusiasm could scarcely be restrained. He was the one they all had hoped would win the honor, for they all felt they had helped to secure it for him.

Commencement day arrived. Hal was last to speak. His subject was "Practical Sympathy." He spoke of the comfort springing from sympathy; some expressions of sympathy shown by great men; Christ, the great sympathizer; but when, at the close of his speech, he feelingly yet modestly told of the practical sympathy shown him by his class the greatest applause was given, and not a dry eye could be seen in that large assembly.

The Haworth boys in the class of '75, twenty-five in number, all made useful men. There are only twenty-four now. A fresh grave was made not long ago in the cemetery. A monument has just been erected—"Rev. Harry Withrow, Erected by his Haworth classmates," is carved upon it. It stands just at the place where Charlie Thompson saw him weeping over his mother's grave. They lie side by side. Each year these boys (now men) have held a reunion. They expect to hold another when he, who was the true cause of an unusually close band, shall be present. That reunion will be held when they are "All Transferred."

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XVI.

JACK returned to his Bible study and his Sunday employments with a listless heart. He knew he was not as clean of soul as he had been. Though he had not done any thing to disturb a spirit like Lewis Denning's, he had an educated conscience, which was as sensitive to any thing wrong as an educated ear is to bad grammar or mispronounced words.

He began to wish earnestly for some new help within him, some fresh impulse toward a noble and manly living, but was depressed by this very need. There was at this time some interest in religion more than was ordinarily manifested in the church he attended; no excitement or great fervor, but the evening meetings were gradually filled, the congregation more crowded on Sundays, and more earnest in their attention. Gradually several young people whom Jack knew declared themselves on the Lord's side and professed their faith publicly. He began to have a feeling of isolation creep over him; not that his friends were less cordial or kind than before, but he could not help feeling they had new interests of which he was no part, new aims in life to which he did not aspire. He thought of his mother's faith in prayer, of her wisdom and goodness; he began to wish he were a Christian, but he did not know how to begin.

People of greater age often find themselves in just Jack's position. The preaching they hear is convincing, they even feel a desire to be converted to God, but when they hear from the pulpit repeated urging to "come to Christ," "believe in Jesus," "have faith," they don't know how to. This seems perhaps impossible to those who have served the Lord for so long that they have forgotten their alienated days, and wonder why every one cannot understand the simplicity of entrance into the kingdom; yet it is a fact that many a seeking heart is delayed if not daunted by this misunderstanding. They think if Christ stood visibly at their doors how gladly they would let him in to share their homes and hearts; they cannot understand that to close their eyes wherever they are, and say honestly, "Lord, save or I perish!" *is* opening the door, *is* believing on him to salvation.

One evening a clergyman from another church, of another denomination, came to the church where Jack had fixed himself, to preach for Mr. Craik, who had a cold.

The text was, "While I was musing the fire burned." The preacher was thin, sallow, angular, with a broad, full forehead, and deep-set eyes with the flash of a diamond when they kindled. His gestures were very awkward, his voice nasal and harsh, but he had not preached five minutes before every ear was held, every eye arrested, every mind following with eager attention the sermon that had in it such deep earnestness, such wonderful knowledge of the human heart. The rough voice softened into persuasive tenderness, the deep eyes glowed, the dark, sallow face was lit with the divine expression of one who pleaded with dying men for their eternal life. Yet it was not an emotional or an exciting sermon; its theme was the necessity of giving personal attention to any thing one wished to accomplish, fixing their thoughts voluntarily and persistently on the end they wished to attain, whether it were worldly gain, intellectual advance-

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ment, or spiritual blessing. He ended by advising any of his hearers who really thought it was needful or desirable for them to become Christians to go home and write down on a paper these words:

"I promise from this day forth to give my earnest attention to the subject of religion."

Jack did not feel that he had made much progress in knowledge after hearing this sermon. He still wished that the way was plainer; but at least here was something to do, and the old hymn with which the service closed seemed to him the very voice of his own soul—

"O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face
And tell my woes abroad."

A little tired, a little dispirited, but firm in purpose, Jack went home to his lonely room and wrote the words on the fly-leaf of his Bible that pledged him to do all he could toward seeking and finding the way to God.

A strange quiet and peace stole over him after he had set his name to the promise. He did not know it, but his soul had in that act turned heavenward and changed his attitude. His conversion, the "turning toward," which the word means, had begun. He asked God to help him to attend to the things of his peace as humbly and simply as a child might.

From that hour the world had a changed aspect to Jack. His Bible was full of new and precious words; the meetings of the church, which he now sedulously attended, interested him deeply; he sung hymns to himself in an undertone as he dressed in the morning, and his own daily prayer seemed to bear him upward to the very feet of a Father. It was not altogether an intelligent or a logical state of feeling, it was the warm mist and the tender rain that greet and forward the germination of every seed in that spring which is symbolized in nature and realized in the soul; the springing blade was blindly making its way from dust and darkness into the light and air. It would have to endure all the evil accidents and tempests of a long season before its full ears should be ripe for the harvest; but now it was the glad beginning, the *new* life in its first newness.

It was a day of solemn and thankful happiness to Manice when her boy wrote to her that he had found the Lord, that her prayers were answered.

The letter she wrote back to Jack was too sacred to reveal here. He kept it as a saint of old treasured his most holy relic, hidden from sight, only to be gazed at to quicken devotion or strengthen endeavor.

When Jack was nineteen Aunt Maria died very suddenly. The loss was not great to any one, not even to her sister; nobody can mourn for a peevish, selfish, loveless man or woman. There are parents whose children cannot regret them; married men and women who know that the death of husband or wife will be a welcome release to the living. Here is one of the ways wherein the sting of death is sin, for, with that awful enlightening of the soul death sometimes brings, what a pang must be added to natural terror by the thought that we shall cause joy instead of grief by our departure!

Jack was not able to go home to the funeral, but his mother wrote him that Aunt Sally was very feeble. She missed the sister she could not mourn. The habit of her life was broken up, and her physician told Mrs. Boyd that her aunt could scarcely live through another winter.

"Well," said Mimy, with pungent comment, "I'd rather wear out than rust out. She's dead an' gone, poor old creatur'! But my! her room's better'n her company; just think o' that! She hasn't toiled nor spun, as Scriptur' says, but then there hasn't been no glorious clothing to her, for all. Miss Sally, now, she's done a lot o' things for poor folks. There'll be cold feet and hungry stomachs thinkin' about her when she's gone; she's done what she could, any way, if she wasn't so terrible lively as some."

It would have been a loss to Manice in a pecuniary sense to lose these two boarders, if Alice had not been for the last year teaching in the Danvers graded school and Anne keeping books in a dry goods store.

Their help and Jack's made life easy for the dear mother, whose dark hair was now mingled with silver very visibly, and who felt the weight of her years more than ever.

She had before long to write again to Jack, for Aunt Sally grew feeble much more rapidly than the doctor had predicted. In two months from her sister's death she slept her life away one autumn night.

"Dear Jack," wrote Manice, "Aunt Sally has gone from us suddenly, at the last, yet not without warning. She has been very patient for the last few months, and quite silent. This morning I found her asleep, her hand under her cheek like a tired child, but asleep forever.

"Mimy has spoken her best epitaph, 'She's done what she could.' May we all of us deserve that record as truly! I wish you could come down. Your Uncle John is in great trouble. Aunt Hannah cannot live but a few days, and they are very poor. I am afraid Will does not help them much. He invests his salary as fast as he saves it, and seems to be fast growing, like his employer, to consider money the one good of life. Poor Uncle John is very dispirited. I think it would do him good to see you. Come if you can.

"Your very loving MOTHER."

Manice had told but little of the real facts of this case. Mr. John Boyd had felt the sharpness of Will's conduct to his very heart. He was not in want of mere food and fire, but the little luxuries that are so necessary to severe illness he could not procure for his dying wife, and Will never offered to provide them. Even when his father appealed to him to lend him a little money for this purpose, Will declared he had not a cent to spare.

"I've invested every dollar, and I've got now to pay assessments on some real estate that will take up all my half-year's saving when pay-day comes. But I wouldn't spend money for such things any way; they're useless luxuries, as Mr. Gilbert says, and they can't help her any."

A low groan answered him. Could this be the boy for whom he and his wife had spent time and pains and money with the lavish affection of doting parents? It seemed to Mr. Boyd that the very laws of nature had failed him. He did not know where to turn. He could have echoed the words of Wolsey:

"O, had I served my God as I have my king, I had not been here!"

But he saw it was useless to remonstrate. Will was already measuring off scant yards of cloth for a customer, and skillfully hiding under the folds, as he threw them aside, certain damages and defects he knew to be there.

It was Manice who brought to her sister-in-law the cool grapes, the fragrant oranges, the delicate jellies and soups that made the last days of feeble, fretful life at least more endurable; Manice, who wore her old cloak all the next winter that poor Hannah might have quails and sweetbreads and hot-house fruit up to the day of her death, though no one but Mimy knew it.

There was very little in that house Mimy did not know. She held in it the honored and honorable place of a faithful servant, a family friend. Such a position never falls to the share of a shop-girl who makes it her boast that she "wont be nobody's servant," but prefers to serve a dirty machine amid crowds of men who jeer and swear and use, too often, speech no self-respecting girl should ever endure. Do we not all serve some master? Are we not all working for some other human being, often without wages, often with a degradation of soul and body no household service implies? Yet there are crowds of starving women in our cities to-day who would turn with disgust from a good home, good food, and ample remuneration if it implied doing housework. Mimy was not such a fool. "Our folks" were on her lips and in her heart always. She shared with true sympathy in their lives, what-

ever cloud or sun darkened or rejoiced them. She was at hand to welcome Jack in her own peculiar fashion when he arrived.

"Well, I do declare! It's as good as a pleasant Monday to set eyes on ye. I dunno as I had ought to be as glad as I be, seein' we've got a funeral, but I can't help it. Miss Sally she's better off, I haven't a doubt on 't. She's kept 'doin' it to the least of these,' and the Lord'll remember of it. She wasn't to hold a candle to your ma, I know, but there's few that be. I tell ye that dear woman is fairly feedin' Mrs. John on goodies, and goin' in her old cloak so to do. The girls don't know it; she talks as though she was a-goin' to have it dyed for mournin'; but land! I know, for she'd laid her plans to buy a circ'lar this year—the rheumatiz does plague her so—one o' them squerr'l-lined ones. Well, she'll get her reward, though she aint workin' for it! And how you be growed—and if you haven't got a muss-tash! The mercy's sakes! they're dreadful spry-lookin', now aint they?"

Jack had to laugh, and ran up stairs to find his mother. Mimy was getting too personal.

[*To be continued.*]

"A BOY OF HIS WORD."

You may sing of the heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
Of the glorious battles they've won;
You may seek to eternize their fame,
And it may be with goodly success;
But it is not the warrior's name
That my heart and my spirit would bless.
Though oft at their mention my soul hath been stirred,
Yet dearer to me is the boy of his word.

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of prelates, of princes, and kings;
I doubt not there's something of worth
In the bosom of all human things;
But dearer to me than the whole
Pageantry, splendor, and pride,
Is the boy with a frank, honest soul,
Who never his word hath belied.
Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford,
Though lowly and poor, is the boy of his word.

—*Selected.*

CURIOUS BELIEFS.

BY S. E. CLAGETT.

We of the South are given to many superstitions, some of which are so absurd that it is astonishing that educated men and women give ear to them; but so it is, and imagination, playing a prominent part, makes the lives of some intensely miserable by aggravating and intensifying incidents that had their origin in the idle fears and fancies of the ignorant, and have been handed down from family to family.

With us this has been brought about by the influence of the "aunties" and "uncles" over the young white children of the slave days. At this time, and within my own observation, the elderly people are more given to superstition than the present generation, except where "mammy" is still a member of the household.

A lady of my acquaintance, between sixty and seventy years old, will not allow a certain plant to be brought into the house because it is identified with death, and although you cannot but laugh at the idea, you give way before an earnestness that traces grief and sorrow to the house-leek being carried within the door. The belief is the more singular because that plant grows commonly upon the walls and roofs of the cottages in Europe. If a looking-glass is broken, seven years of trouble will follow, and innumerable are the sad cases which this old lady can tell you about.

And if you trim the fruit-trees while they are in bloom, your cattle will invariably die from starvation or by accident. Several years ago the orchard on our farm was trimmed in opposition to the unsought and persistent advice of two or three old darkies on the place. The excitement was so great that they gave utterance to all sorts of gloomy prognostications, and begged "Massa Tom" to leave the trees alone until later on. But the work proceeded amid the undisguised mutterings of the servants. During the summer three cows fell into a ditch and died before they could be taken out, a valuable horse was killed, and two calves were lost, all because "Massa Tommie would cut dem trees while dey was bloomin'." And the lady I have mentioned believed as firmly in the facts as did the colored people themselves.

Of course all these misfortunes occurred naturally. In the first instance the cows would have been saved had my father been at home, but he was away, and the men did not understand lifting. The horse was gored by an immense hog, which was caught as he was making for another, but I never heard the reason why the calves concluded to die that particular year.

I have been surprised upon many occasions to find people, to whom I would never have credited such ridiculous ideas, holding firm belief in some such absurdity. One person would not plant a holly-tree, because if it lived she would be sure to die. Another would not put both shoe and stocking on one foot before dressing the other. One stocking must be put on, then the other, and so with the shoes, or trouble would follow. An uncle of mine never takes a cup of tea or coffee that he does not hurriedly skim off the froth and swallow it, no matter how hot, because it will bring riches. It sometimes brings a sore tongue.

I have known a gentleman to go miles out of his way rather than continue on a road that a black cat has crossed before him; ill luck would follow him like his shadow if he did not turn aside. If grape-vines are put into the fire the devil will surely catch you. And if bean or pea-pods are thrown into the flames by mistake a rush is made for the salt-can and a handful is thrown after the pods to prevent his satanic majesty from grabbing you. The entrance of a bird at a window, the raising of an umbrella upon entering or before leaving a house, or dreams of a marriage, of a white horse, or of fruit-trees in bloom while the ground is still snow-covered—all these portend death. In the last case, pink bloom denotes that the victim will be a young person. Three successive dreams of the same occurrence will surely bring it to pass, and a single bad dream, if told before breakfast, will be followed by evil consequences.

The blacks firmly believed that the man who was cruel to his slaves would die in a terrible storm, "because the angels were so sorry for his wickedness that they cry over his going down into hell."

Sense and reason should dissipate such absurdities, but when such thoughts are impressed upon the young they attain a hold that is impossible to shake off. Imagination is the root of all, and shrewd men have been able to delude their fellows by playing upon their credulity.

In Washington there is a house called the Octagon, built at the same time as the White House; it is situated at the corner of Eighteenth and E streets, S. W., and is surrounded by a wall so high that the roofs of the stables are alone visible from the street. The house itself fronts the street, and for years has been without occupants, owing to the uncomfortable receptions given to all who venture to make it their home. The strange part of it is that no one is as badly treated by the ghosts as the family to whom the place belongs. Bells ring, bed-clothes are pulled off by invisible hands, footsteps and rustling dresses are heard, the latter being due to the acoustic properties of the house and the former to its peculiar construction, for, being octagonal, it contains many

"cubby-holes," and why not sliding-doors, known but to the initiated? Some years ago an account appeared in one of the papers describing a residence haunted as this one is. No one could live there. Investigations amounted to nothing. But at last one more thorough was made, and the party of gentlemen came to a hand-to-hand encounter with smugglers, who for a long time had used the house as a rendezvous. As yet the Octagon has a mystery, but there can be no doubt that it will eventually be cleared up.

Another house in the same city—now owned by a prominent gentleman—was at one time occupied by a government employee, and was then the object of much curiosity and conjecture. At night the faces of revolutionary heroes and their ladies would be seen peering out of a dark room at the public. At first they appeared only in the attic, but later on they came down stairs. Outsiders firmly believed that the place was haunted, and the family, hearing about the faces and seeing them, became as fully convinced of the presence of ghostly inhabitants, and wished to leave, but the husband and father was obdurate, and not until he was dying did he intimate that *he* knew the reason of the visits of such notable persons as Washington, his wife, and many others.

It seems that it was during the time that the government was making experiments in photography, and the gentleman in question, being very much interested in the matter, had the entire apparatus at his home without the knowledge of his family. After many trials he succeeded in throwing a luminous picture upon the window-glass, distinctly visible to passers-by, and thus he had completely bewildered and mystified the public.

There are very few people, if any, who care to visit a grave-yard after dark. Even in daylight you are filled with solemnity and awe while in such a place—how much more so when twilight descends and hides the beauties of the place! Then thoughts and imagination are free to roam. In Virginia, years ago, a party of gentlemen made a wager with one of their number that he would not go to the private burying-ground at twelve o'clock at night and leave some evidence of his having been there. He accepted, and arming himself with a pitch-fork he set out, promising to return in a few minutes, but the minutes turned into hours and he did not make his appearance. Fearing some accident, his friends obtained lanterns and started in search, and found him stretched dead above the grave where he had promised to leave the pitch-fork as a proof of his daring. The fork was where he had placed it, standing firm in the ground and piercing his coat-tails. The only supposition was that he had died from fright on discovering himself pinned to the earth by he knew not what.

An idea prevails among some of the old-time servants that the devil comes upon earth at twelve o'clock on Christmas eve, and they do every thing possible to propitiate him—even to a cordial invitation to come within doors. A gentleman who was one of the chief actors in such a scene, when a little boy, told the following story:

"I had been sent to bed at the usual time, but, knowing that 'auntie' was making grand preparations for the coming day, I slipped out without being observed and ran down to the quarter. 'Mammy' ordered me home, but the delicious odor of baked shoat and the other good things she was cooking whetted an appetite already sharp, and I begged to be allowed to remain; so, with the earnest assurance that the 'debil would catch me if I stayed,' she continued her story-telling to the pickaninnies clustered around. I listened as eagerly as the others to the statement of the proposed visit, but after a little an idea occurred to me that I made haste to put into execution. Going quietly out of the door, near which I had been seated, I hurried across the yard to the house, and in a few minutes returned with a horn of powder. Climbing the side of the log-cabin, I seated myself astride the ridge-pole and looked down the wide-mouthed chimney into the room below. The pot was boiling and the savory smell came up to me, making my mouth water; but mischief was my ruling passion, and I was on mischief bent. Seeing 'mammy' come toward the fire-place with a huge ladle in her hand, I emptied a little of the powder and threw it down. Such fizzing, shrieks, and cries I never heard before, while 'mammy's' voice rose above the rest shouting, 'Get out of dar, children! don't yer see Massa Debil is a-comin'? Come in, Massa Debil; you is welcome!' The result had exceeded my wildest anticipations, and I threw more powder, and once again, until forgetting every thing in my glee and excitement I leaned forward, peering eagerly down the chimney, and dropped the flask into the blazing fire beneath. Bang! I felt myself sailing through the air, and then such a bump that I thought every bone in my body was broken; but I was only bruised, and gathering myself together I made tracks for the house as badly scared boy as you would wish to see. Dodging here and there to escape notice, I crept up stairs and into bed, and lay there listening to the commotion I had unwittingly caused.

"At last I heard some one say, 'Where is Jack?' and 'mammy' answered that 'Massa Debil had come down the chimney and carried him off.' Search was made for me out of doors, but I was nowhere to be found, and they came into my room wondering where I could possibly be.

"Coming up to the bed mother pulled down the sheet that I had drawn over my head, and beheld me calmly sleeping the sleep of the just, unconscious that eye-lashes, eye-brows, and front hair were things of the past, and that my face was as black as any little darky's on the place.

"I thought my time had come when they took me in to be interviewed by my father; but I was a great favorite with him, and the well-deserved whipping was solemnly promised for the *next* offense, but for that time he contented himself and me with a two-hours' scolding. As for 'mammy,' her faith was shaken. She never forgave me for playing 'Massa Debil.'"

PHOTOGRAPHING YESTERDAY.

BY ADELAIDE SKEEL.

ALICE and I are devoted amateur photographers. It's great fun! Photography is an unselfish pursuit, for one is always looking away from one's self at somebody else. People are ungrateful, too, for the most technically perfect negative does not please the sitter if he or she happens to have a wrinkle on face or dress. I wish people would look in the glass once in a while, and not be so mad when a picture is the first to tell them the truth about their appearance.

We grew tired after a little of taking the unappreciative family group, and suddenly decided to look about for other subjects.

"Why not photograph yesterday?" suggested Alice; and without delay we packed our cameras in an old-fashioned buggy and drove out the farm-yard gate, determined to take every old-time view we found.

The sun was shining whitely, and there were clouds, soft and fleecy, floating across the blue sky.

The shadows were sharply defined, and a bit of the river far away shone like a looking-glass. We jogged along slowly, saying once in a while,

"How would that do?" or "Here's a nice thing; let's stop."

But we never did stop till we came to a yellow farm-house with red barns, standing close up to the road. We could peep through the side-lights by the front door and be rewarded for our breach of good manners by a glimpse of a red ingrain carpet, two horse-hair chairs, and a pine table on which stood a decorated ginger-jar. Evidently it was a waste of time to look for yesterday in this modernized homestead.

Presently I heard a thin, shrill voice call out from above,

"I say, ma, there's two strange girls to our gate. I guess they've got soap or somethin' to sell. They've stopped there quite a spell."

"Go down and tell 'em we don't want nothing, Almiry; your pa says he wont be bothered with book agents and such like."

While we were rallying our forces, and looking furtively at our wooden carrying cases, folded tripods, and highly polished cameras, the green-blind door swung open and a slatternly-looking old maid, in a torn calico Mother Hubbard wrapper, appeared.

"Excuse us for stopping here," faltered Alice, "but we are looking at the—view."

She waved her gloved hand at a potato-patch near by as she spoke.

With a half blush I added, lamely,

"We wish to take pictures of some old things, and—"

The door was slammed in my face, and I heard Almiry's voice as I drove off,

"Of all the insulting speeches! Well, I never! Stopping in front our house and calling me away from the tubs to say they wanted to take my picture, because they wanted *some old thing!* Telling me to my face they was a-lookin' for old things, and then to stop here!"

Our next place was at a summer boarding-house, where children, big and little, swarmed on the green lawn.

"Who is coming?" asked one lady of her little daughter.

"Two people," replied the small child, leaning forward to see. "Two ladies, not old, but not exactly new, and they have got boxes and long sticks with them."

Mine host came out minus his coat to fasten our horse to the maple-tree which served as tie-post.

We glanced with rapture at the long, sloping roof, while we pitied the boarders who paid ten dollars a week for the privilege of dreaming of yesterday under its low eaves.

Passing through the stone-flagged porch, we entered the wide hall, where a little shelf, notched and stained, was pointed out as a subject worth taking.

"Here the *stirrup-cup* stood," said mine host.

But we drank his health out of the bucket at the old well sweep.

The house was really a treasure to relic-hunters, and was probably of Revolutionary date. We wandered about, taking all sides, and finally came back to the front, where the entire company of boarders awaited us. They had seated themselves in straight rows, the smallest in front, and as the proportion of children was great, to that of mothers, and the fathers were absent altogether, Alice dubbed her view "Half-Orphans' Retreat," and I called mine "Widows' Rest."

"Is it all over?"

"Can we see them now?"

"Do you sell them?"

"How much?"

"Did I show?"

"I am afraid I laughed!"

"I wish you had waited till I changed my ear-rings."

"So many amateurs' pictures are blue. I don't know why. Will yours be blue?"

"I moved a little. Will it spoil the group?"

We drove off amidst this chorus so familiar to our ears, and tried our luck at a house a mile back from the highway. There was a half-grown boy swinging on the gate who stared us out of countenance.

"Lost your way?" he shouted finally.

"No; we're looking for old-fashioned things, and—"

"Well, we aint stylish here, that's a fact," interrupted Bobby. "But no fellow ever came to look at us before."

Beneath his chaffing he seemed good-natured enough, and when our purpose was made clear to him, he entered with zest into our search.

"The lad has imagination," Alice whispered; "he is a poet—he can grasp an idea foreign to his own experience."

Presently he grasped a ten-cent piece which I offered him, and went ahead of us down the lane, opening and shutting gates for us.

"Would you mind standing a second?" I asked, as I sprang from the wagon and made ready to take his picture.

He posed without a word, and watched me cover my head with the focusing cloth, much as we would watch the actions of a harmless lunatic.

"He's just lovely, Alice!" I cried in delight, looking on my ground glass as I spoke. "He is so clearly defined against the rail fence, and the blackberry-vine frames him sweetly. And O, if I can just catch that distance for background, the mountains and river and all, wont he make the best bromide print in the world? He isn't yesterday, he is to-day or to-morrow; he's too—"

"I'm Bob Johnes, ma'am, that's who I am," broke in the subject.

"One, two, three. O, I hope that wasn't over-exposed. I shall just flood the developer with the restrainer to keep it from coming up too quick."

I scrambled back into the buggy and tossed Bob another ten cents.

"There's one sure way to make your sitters look pleasant," Alice said, and truly the boy's broad smile dazzled us. "I hope it wont be bright enough to fog your plate," she added, and then we hurried out of the grassy lane back into the dusty highway.

We had been advised to go to Farmer Van Vechten's for old-fashioned sights, but we made many wrong turnings before we came to the flag walk, box-bordered, which led up to the wide-open, hospitable-looking door. The whole place had such an air of first-families about it that we would have hesitated to stop had not an old man in a battered beaver hat, weeding the garden close by, hailed us familiarly.

"Guess you had better hitch the hoss to the fence and come in out of the sun, ladies."

It was a well-meant invitation, but how could we leave such an instantaneous-view atmosphere as we had now on this August noon? We "hitched our hoss," but refused to come in out of the sun, and explained that we wanted to take views of this lovely country place.

"Wal, ef you're not afraid of your complexions," assented the farmer. "But sence my daughter come up from the city school she wont go out hardly till dark, do you b'lieve? Sho! Her ma is hangin' up clothes naow. She aint afraid of her skin no more 'n I!"

We put up our tripods and took two or three bits, but the trail of the daughter from the city school was over all. Her tennis-net, stretching across the old apple-orchard, spoiled one view, and a foolish-looking gypsy tea-kettle stand, painted scarlet and covering a wormy box of foliage-plants, was a blot in a delicious little sketchy corner of a real old-fashioned garden. The worst touch was the five o'clock tea-table on the piazza and the hammock swinging from one Grecian pillar to another. Here at least had we vainly hoped to see girls dropping dried rose-leaves into jars or reading ladies' annuals.

Our last picture was of a spinning-wheel. We heard the whir of the flax-wheel as we drove past a little stone house, and went in to take a thoroughly good interior. There was a cooking-stove in the kitchen, instead of a fire on andirons, but the general aspect of the room was ancient.

Granny nodding at her wheel, the cat asleep at her feet, the small-paned window behind her, all was just as it should be, and I only waited for the fitting moment to uncap.

"It is a picture of yesterday indeed, Alice," I said, while she quoted under her breath,

> "'Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,
> And, Youth, fold up those peacock wings;
> More rapture fills the years that pass,
> Than any hope the future brings.'"

A rattling of wheels behind the house was heard, a young woman's high, sharp voice, a man's suave reply,

"I can't afford it."

"You can pay by installments."

"Granny wont give me the money."

"I will trust you."

"I'm afraid I can't learn to run it."

"There's a book of directions comes with it. Besides, I'll give you an extra lesson."

"Well, call again. I'll ask granny."

I heard this conversation without thinking what it was all about, so busy was I drawing the slides and capping. But when at home, in my dark room, I developed the spinning-wheel plate to find on the background a sewing-machine agent selling a Domestic to granny's granddaughter. I never tried again to photograph yesterday, for no bromide solution will restrain to-day.

OUR HEROES.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The Right" be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Exchange.*

THE SUNSHINE RECORD.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

ADA WARD had come down to the city for a week's visit with her cousin, May Shirley. Ada lived in a dull little village, and so far she had not had an easy life, for her mother was a widow, and there were three younger children. She was only seventeen, but she was already out of the high-school and teaching in the primary, having hurried through her course to be at work sooner. She had overworked, indeed—that was why in the spring vacation her mother had urged this visit—and she had a feeling of being very old and worn and of never having had the "good times" which girls think their right.

But it was always nice to visit May, and this time there was a special pleasure in it. For her aunt and cousin had just returned from a year abroad, and Ada could enjoy all the pictures and pretty things they had brought back, and hear the story of all they had done. The treasure-trove were only trifles, for the Shirleys were not rich; but they were fascinating to Ada, to whom a trip to Europe seemed almost equivalent to a trip to paradise. There was a six-penny paper-knife from Melrose Abbey, and a book-mark from York which had hardly cost more. There was an egg-cup in Dresden china from the royal manufactory at Meissen, where they had spent a happy day; a baby's wooden shoe from Holland, turned into a match-safe; a paper-weight of Italian alabaster, "like the great columns in St. Paul's at Rome," May said, as she held it to the light to bring out all its sunshine. Then, too, there was the tiniest bottle of perfume, bought of the monks at Certosa, a pen-holder in Swiss carving, an olive-wood darning-ball, purchased of an old Turk, and a case for pressing flowers, picked up in Geneva, and sometime to be painted with the Alpine roses whose ghosts still gave it a breath of sweetness. There was a work-basket too, bought in the Tyrol, and a dainty toilet-case to remind her of Paris. Mrs. Shirley had told May to get things she would use every day, which would become a part of her life and remind her always of that happy year; and May had already found a world of satisfaction in her glove buttoner, in Wurtemburg carving, and her candlestick, which reproduced an antique she had seen at the Cluny Museum.

But the best of all to Ada was her journal.

"I wouldn't show it but for the pictures," May said. "You see papa told me when we started that if I would keep a careful journal of all we saw and did I should have all the photographs I wanted to illustrate it. It was very tiresome at first. I do hate to write, and I always thought a diary so dull! I should have liked just to see, and see as one does at a panorama, and never think about it to write a description. But after a while I liked it, and I made it a sort of scrap-book and journal combined, and put in every thing there was no other place for. Mamma has a beautiful great photograph-book, you know, but there are things here we like better even than her pictures."

May was only fifteen when she went abroad, just at the age when school essays begin to be a terror, and one hates to write letters to the aunts and uncles, because if one makes a mistake there is sure to come a reproving, "My dear, you are old enough to remember," etc., etc. Of course that was the reason her father had proposed the journal, and though it had taken many a half-hour when she would have liked only to lounge and look, she was very glad of it now.

"It begins at Glasgow, you see," she went on, opening the book. "There's Dumbarton Castle on the Clyde, where Queen Mary lived a while when she was a little girl, you know. Here's the cathedral, and here's Edinborough, the next place we stopped. O, they're not all photographs! I hadn't the face to ask papa for so many in Scotland, for they're dear there. These are only letter-paper heads bought at a penny apiece, and these are a sort of print, not as nice as photographs, but good to give an idea of the places. Here's Roslyn Chapel, a lovely church, only it rained that day."

All the pictures were slipped by the corners into the leaves of the journal, so that they could easily be removed. There were pressed flowers from famous places fastened neatly by strips of tissue paper; a little map of the English lakes, a spray of sea-weed from Scheveningen, with a picture of the quaint peasant-women who took care of the bathers.

"Here's a dog-cart from Antwerp," May said, as they turned the leaf; "and this, why, it's the man who goes about in Holland to announce funerals. These are peasant costumes, just colored prints, you see, but they show you just how the people look. There's some more sea-weed, that's from the Lido, and these," as they came on some soft blue feathers glued to the page, "these are from the doves of St. Mark's at Venice, you know. I picked them up in the piazza. It was silly, I suppose, but a little Italian girl called them down and they settled all over her arms and shoulders as she fed them, and I wanted to remember just how pretty it all was. Here's a rose a monk gave me from the cloister gardens of St. Paul's in Rome, and that—that's our hotel bill at Naples. I kept it for the view of the bay at the top, and to show how they make out bills in foreign hotels—almost the matches counted, you see. Here's the queen of Italy; isn't she lovely? And here's Gambetta. Harry bought it for me after we had been to the Chambers and heard him speak."

So they went through the book, reading bits now and then where some specially interesting picture came.

"Edith Gray wouldn't keep a journal when she went abroad," Ada said. "She declared it a waste of time—said she did not want to remember all she saw. But she kept

programmes of every concert she went to—she was studying music, you know—and she has them all now in a great scrap-book."

"Mamma didn't keep a journal either," May rejoined. "But she sent the longest letters every week to papa, and she always wrote on the same sized paper. And when we came home we found that he'd kept every one, and pressed the creases out and fastened them altogether in a little portfolio, so that they read like a book. He says they're good enough to be one, but mamma says she likes them better so than if they were printed."

But at the very end of the book they came on several pages which were not a journal, only a record like this:

"May 30. Oxford. St. John's College. Bodleian Library. Somerville Hall.

"June 3. London. Canon Farrar in Westminster Abbey."

There was a special mark here, and turning the leaf they found others so marked, and the last of all was,

"April 4. Mid-Atlantic. 'The sea is His, and he made it.'"

"O!" May said, "those are my white days, the Sunshine Record, mamma calls it. Of course, we had a good time always, but sometimes there were things we enjoyed specially, and so I marked them. There's nothing like the first time you go to Westminster, and that Sunday on the ocean was so beautiful. We had a nice service. I've marked the text, you see, and we sat on deck in the sunset—such a lovely one—and sang. I call these leaves my Express Essence of Europe. And I've only to glance down the page to see just where I was and what I was doing all last year. Do you know I've an idea of keeping this up? I've no time for journal-writing now, with school and every thing else; but this I could manage, and it would be convenient."

Ada said nothing for a moment. It gave her a little pang to think of the difference between her cousin's "good times" and her own. At least May had the city—concerts and lectures and picture exhibitions. Her own life seemed bare beside it, and so, after a little, she said:

"For Stillwater is such a quiet place. It seems as if absolutely nothing happened there from one year's end to another—any thing nice, I mean. I've tried two or three times to keep a journal, but I would get so tired putting down the same things—lessons and examinations and rainy days. Perhaps that was because I usually wrote on rainy days."

May slipped her hand into hers sympathetically.

"I know, I know," she said, "but—but even in Stillwater you have pleasant times now and then. There are—well, picnics—and—and nice days."

"O, if you mean the weather!" Ada said, with a forlorn little laugh.

"I mean every thing that gives me pleasure," May answered, "whether it's Joseffy or—or a bird-concert, a picture, or—or a sunset one. And if I've had a happy hour over a book, why shouldn't I put that down? Mamma has given me a motto from an old sun-dial, 'I mark only the sunny hours.'"

"I never thought of it in that way," Ada said, "but I've half a mind to try it. It wouldn't take much time, at any rate. I don't believe I should write more than half a dozen times a year."

Perhaps, after all, Ada would not have carried out the idea if her aunt, when she went home, had not given her a pretty Paris note-book, gilt edged, daintily bound, and with her initials painted by May on its soft gray cover. And on the first page was the sun-dial motto, "Only the sunny hours."

One dull day, a year or more after, Ada brought the book to her mother, and they looked it over together. It was not much, a concert by Wilhelmj, a lecture she had liked, a birthday party at a friend's, Christmas gifts, a sleigh-ride, a new book, a visit from May in lovely June, a nutting trip one rare October day. But as she turned the leaves her face brightened.

"I didn't know I had had such a good time this last year," she said. "If you had asked me I should have said that it had been just as dull and dreary as could be. But there isn't a month, I see, without at least one happy day."

"So," mamma said, "you are after all better off than Lord Byron, who could not count a dozen happy days in all his life."

"I always wondered over that, mamma, with all he had."

"Ah, but it isn't that," mamma said. And then, after a minute, "You call it the Sunshine Record, dear, but if it were mine I should name it, I think, the Book of Blessings."

A GOOD DEED REWARDED.

Monsieur Necker, the minister of finance under Louis XIV., was one of the best and truest men in the days of the French revolution. When he saw that the people were becoming dissatisfied with the king, he did all in his power to pacify them.

He loaned the government two million dollars, levied taxes upon the rich, and gave corn freely in time of famine to the poor in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Paris. One man who hated royalty took notice how this rich banker remembered the poor. He was a brewer by the name of Santerre.

Monsieur Necker had a daughter who was the idol of his heart, the brilliant Madame de Staël, whom Macaulay called the "greatest woman of her times," and Byron "the greatest woman in literature." Remarkable in conversation, very rich, and charming in manner, she married the Swedish minister and become the friend of Gustavus III., and also of Marie Antoinette.

The dreaded revolution burst upon France. A great crowd, even the women and children, armed with pikes, rushed to the palace at Versailles and attempted to kill the beautiful queen. She appeared on the balcony, and they shouted, "Give us bread!" The king hastened to Paris, and gave the people, at their request, a constitution, but they were too frenzied for any lasting peace. August 10, 1792, forty thousand persons, led by Santerre and others, marched upon the Tuileries, battered down the doors, and killed the nine hundred Swiss guards who were bravely defending the queen. The whole city was in terror. Seven prisons were full, and great heaps of dead lay piled before each prison gate.

When, after this, Louis XVI. was led out to be executed, in the kindness of his heart he attempted to address his people, but Santerre ordered the drummers to beat the drums so loud that his voice could not be heard.

Madame de Staël was all this time in the greatest danger. Her father had fled to his home at Coppet, Switzerland, and she finally attempted to join him. Thinking that her rank as the wife of the Swedish embassador would protect her, she started with a carriage and six horses. At once a mob surrounded her, shouting "Death!" She was arrested and taken to the Hotel de Ville, where she remained for six hours awaiting the will of the Commune as to her fate. Men and women passed beneath her window, their bare arms dripping with blood. Her carriage was surrounded and the mob clamored for her luggage. Soon a strong man mounted the coachman's box, and for two hours defended it from the crowd. At last the carriage was removed, and she was taken to a place of safety for the night by Manuel, one of the Commune leaders.

She wondered who had cared enough for her to defend her property from that blood-thirsty mob. She saw him enter the building with Manuel. It was the wicked Santerre, who had never forgotten that her father, even though a friend of the king, had given food to the poor of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Both these men helped her depart in safety. The good deed of Monsieur Necker had saved his daughter.

No knowledge, however vast; no matter, however scriptural; no creed, however primitive and orthodox; no style, however faultless; no manner, however graceful, can avail without the force of the preacher's own character, example, hopes, aspirations, prayers, going along with his sermon.—*Prof. Blunt.*

OUR NATIONAL FLY-PAPER.

THIS is, indeed, an age of doubt, irreverence, and iconoclasm. We are told that Washington was really a sporting country gentleman, and that probably only half of the hatchet story is true. We are afraid to believe in any of the stirring old traditions, and next we shall discover, no doubt, that the vaunted American eagle is nothing more than an ambitious rooster. A writer in the "Cleveland Leader" startles us with a story about the signing of the Declaration of Independence which, if true, robs that great occasion of much of its grandeur and solemnity:

It is wonderful how little matters affect great deeds. I came across a funny story as told by Rundall, the man who wrote the large biography of Jefferson, which shows how the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened. Says he: "While the question of independence was before Congress it had its meetings near a livery stable. The members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and with handkerchief in hand they were diligently employed in lashing the flies off their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic. This anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much as well as to give credit to the influence of the flies. He told it with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of an attack from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene."

FALLING FLAT.

A JOKE that misses fire is a sad thing to have on one's hands. One of the humorous papers thus describes the way in which one man failed to catch an obtuse friend with an old joke:

"Hello, Smith; good day for the race."

"What race?"

(With intense satisfaction) "The human race."

"O, beg pardon; I thought you referred to some horse-race. Well, good day."

In the same line comes this paragraph from an exchange:

Said Col. Sanford, of Marshalltown, Iowa: "I once delivered my lecture on 'Old and New Things' in London, Eng., and, as I always do, I used that expression, 'patheticker and patheticker.' The next morning one of the leading London dailies appeared with criticism on the lecture, in which it gravely stated that the distinguished gentleman certainly knows that the expression was grossly incorrect. He should have used the words 'more and more pathetic' in that connection. You remember the article written by Williams, of the 'Norristown Herald,' in which he claimed to be the author of Shakespeare and several other world-renowned works. Would you believe it? The English are so obtuse that they could not see the point, and all of the leading papers and magazines of England criticised the article severely, saying the falsehood must be patent to every one, as Shakespeare had been dead for so long, and the other authors were not only dead before the writer in the 'Norristown Herald' was born, but that their authorship had never been disputed before."

A SENSATIONAL SNAKE STORY.

MR. ROBERT J. BURDETTE is one of the most clever humorists of the day. He is more than a journalistic clown. He ridicules the foibles and frailties of people with a sly good humor and a sterling common sense that make his writings justly popular. One of his first successes was this simple paragraph:

"The Browns have moved three miles out of town. They enjoy their home very much, and only regret that they are too far away to attend church. They were in town to the circus yesterday, and told us about it."

This is the way he makes fun of the regulation newspaper story:

The reptile, when he saw he was discovered, lifted his scaly head above the grass an instant to lay his course, and, with fire sparkling from his wicked eyes, came straight toward us. When he was within a few yards, however, a well-directed shot from a revolver and a shower of stones turned him aside a little. As he paused, with the evident intention of renewing his charge, I fired another shot, my last cartridge, and, grasping the club with both hands, determined to sell my life dearly. As he came on again I struck at the monster twice, missing him both times, but turning him back. As he fled crashing through the underbrush his hideous figure gleamed in terrible undulations. I was after him. He shot out of the woods, however, and swept into the road far in advance of me. Less than ten feet from him a little girl was picking raspberries at the roadside, unconscious of her danger. I shouted to her with all my strength, calling upon her to fly, and screamed, "The snake! the snake!" The child saw the scaly monster, and heading him off as he crossed the road, put her bare foot upon him and killed him with a switch she broke from a bush near by. She then went on picking raspberries while I measured the snake. He was nearly seven inches long, but you need not say any thing about that.

A POSSIBLE DANGER.

IT is proposed in Paris to build an iron tower which shall eclipse every other monument in the world, and be second only to the unfortunate tower of Babel itself. A French engineer has pointed out a possible result almost as disastrous as the fate of the first great attempt:

When the great iron tower, 1,000 feet high, was proposed some time ago for the Paris exhibition of 1889, many engineers doubted the feasibility of the project, judged from their point of view. However, M. Eiffel went at the problem and evolved a design which was chosen and which it is proposed to executed. On the eve of accomplishment, however, a French savant comes forward with a timely warning of the fearful consequences which the building of the iron tower will entail. He says that the enormous blocks of iron running north and south will become polarized, and that this polarization will soon invade the whole column. Then who knows whether the four lifts, with their continual friction, will not increase the magnetic influence a hundred-fold?

In this case all articles for a mile round will be attracted to the tower, and will adhere to it as a needle does to a magnet. Then all the houses in Paris will suffer from a St. Vitus's dance, and, being gradually drawn toward the Champ de Mars, will finally find themselves stuck to the tower. As for locomotives entering Paris, it will be impossible to stop them at the various termini; they will rush through the city and dash themselves to pieces against the center of attraction.

A FASHIONABLE DOG OUTFIT.

WE have all heard of the wag who put suspenders on his dog to keep up his pants, but the following extract from the "London Globe" will open the eyes of many to the absolute want and destitution in which our American dogs are living, compared with the luxury which surrounds their Gallic cousins:

While we are wondering what to do with our dogs, those of Paris have actually a "fashion" article all to themselves. Thus we learn that the "griffon" of the Countess Horace de Choiseul lives entirely on the wings of fowls; with other interesting anecdotage. A "*chien chic*" has his tailor; but he would be absolutely degraded if he patronized any but the artist most in vogue. Moreover, he has, if moving in really good circles, his "bather," his hair-dresser, and his shaver. The last-named requires to be a real artist; and last autumn, we are told, the Marchioness de Belbeuf, who has a passion for "*caniches*," imported a shaver from the land of Figaro, who is rapidly making a fortune.

The outfit for a full-dressed dog consists of collars, bracelets, great-coats, waistcoats, boutonnières for flowers, and other things denoted by an et cetera. Some have boots, either of india rubber or morocco; and the wife of Gen. Turr has made for her dog, Niniche, whose ears, poor thing, are very delicate—and no wonder—a white hood which she (Niniche) wears in wet weather. In order to be "superchic" the dog must be either Brobdingnagian or Lilliputian; and the uglier, apparently, the better. Moppi, the "*carlin*" of the Countess de Beauharnais, is dressed almost always in white cloth, embroidered with gold; so that, with its black face, it is said to resemble a Hindu idol. The dogs of Mme. de Persigny are always dressed in red and white—which seem to be the favorite canine colors. Finally there are dogs not only superchics but "supercoquenchics"—and there even the chronicle of fashion seems to pause, except to tell us that one, because she limps a little, is called Mlle. de Lavaliere. Altogether, fashion seems preparing plenty of work for M. Pasteur.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THERE is intense satisfaction in getting the better of a mean man, yet he who crosses swords with a sharper must have his wits about him. The following anecdote, from "The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette," illustrates admirably the danger of the biters being bitten:

One of those smart Alexanders who travel on their cheek and the inability of the public to change $20 bills for a glass of soda, got on a Pennsylvania Avenue car the other day and tendered the aforesaid $20 for his fare. Of course the conductor could not change it, and so he got his ride free. This was repeated until the conductor got tired of it, and after the fourth or fifth time of its repetition he determined to get even with the fellow. By visiting the toll-houses, and by other means unknown, the manipulator of the bell punch managed to scrape up $19 95 in pennies.

Placing these in a little bucket he quietly awaited the appearance of his victim, having posted the driver and some other intimate friends who happened to be on board. When the unsuspecting man with the plethoric pocket-book put in an appearance and promptly produced the "twenty" with many apologies, the conductor pocketed the bill and produced his little bucket, and amid the grins of the spectators presented it to his customer. The young man looked pretty cheap, and after feeling the weight of the bucket thoughtfully got off the car and disappeared around a corner. Then the conductor took the bill from his pocket and proceeded to fold it up nicely so that it would fit into a convenient corner of his pocket-book. Something in the appearance of the bill caught his eye, and, as he examined it a little closer, his jaw dropped. The bill was of the genus denominated by the sporting fraternity as "queer." The young man had also been on the look-out for the conductor.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THERE was a plain old merchant, Mr. Mason, who, by industry and economy, fidelity to business, and general kindness of heart, had won both friends and money, and, needing some additional help in his store, he advertised for a boy. Among the boys who made application for the new position was one by the name of Clarence Brown. He was a son of a widow, well brought up, although accustomed to none of the luxuries of life. After consulting with his mother, Clarence came to the store of the old merchant and answered every question that was put to him in a very modest way, much to the old gentleman's delight, who said, after sealing the bargain, as the boy went out of sight, "Clarence at least is humble. I hope he may prove to be an indispensable boy."

ONE day Clarence said to the merchant: "There are on one side of the cellar several boxes, some broken and some whole, which might, I think, be turned to good account. There are also much waste paper and much cord, and I should be glad to have your permission, when I am not otherwise engaged, to set things to rights down there." Consent was given, and a few days after the merchant, going into the cellar for something, found that Clarence had piled up at one end all the good boxes; had cut up into kindling-wood the broken boxes; had wound into several balls the cord and twine; had taken out nails in large numbers and had sorted them; had opened out all the paper, arranged it according to size in different rolls, and prepared it for use as occasion might require. The old gentleman, with the tact of his trade, made an estimate and found that by the economy of the boy he had saved from eight to ten dollars, and was, of course, much pleased, and might have been heard muttering to himself, "That Clarence is economical; he is an indispensable boy."

ON his way home to dinner one day, the old man overheard two ladies in conversation. They had just left the store, and did not know that the merchant was near. One said, "I shall never go to the —— store again. Both clerks and proprietors are inattentive to customers, and do not seem to care whether one makes a purchase or not." "I go," said the other, "to old Mr. Mason's store since Clarence Brown became clerk, for he is the most accommodating and courteous boy that I ever met. His voice is low and sweet, his manners are free from affectation, he tells the truth in a straightforward way, and seems anxious to accommodate; and yet he is not over-anxious to sell, and shows in so many ways the results of good training that I have decided not only to deal with his employer, but to call with words of congratulation on his mother. She is indeed a happy woman who can call Clarence her son." The old man, who overheard this conversation, slackened his speed, wiped a tear from his eyes, and said to himself, "Clarence is a gentleman; he is an indispensable boy."

THE merchant noticed that when the boy was sent on an errand he always started promptly, and as promptly returned, doing just what he was told to do, saying what he was commanded to say, and not modifying according to his own notion. He had evidently heard the story of the eminent Girard, of Philadelphia, who discharged a sea-captain who had gone contrary to his master's wishes, and made by the change an immense sum of money for his employer. Girard promptly discharged him. The man remonstrated, and said: "Haven't I made thousands of dollars for you, more than you could possibly have made if I had carried out your command?" The only reply that Girard made was, "Obey orders if you break owners." Now Clarence carried out to the letter this wise law. When the message committed to him said "perhaps," he said "perhaps." When the time appointed was three o'clock and five minutes, Clarence said "three o'clock and five minutes." What was good he called good, and what was best, and only that, he called best. The merchant said concerning him, "Clarence is prompt and accurate; he is an indispensable boy."

ANOTHER discovery of the merchant increased his confidence in the young clerk. Two or three opportunities came to Clarence for making a few dollars for himself, in part at the expense of the proprietor and in part through his own foresight and diligence. But Clarence considered and treated the very first suggestion of this possibility as an attempt to do what was not wholly honorable, and said, with great positiveness, "Certainly I will not. It would not be in the highest sense honorable for me to do this. I have my salary. It is as much as my employer thinks that I deserve. With that I am satisfied, and must not take advantage of my position for making additional money without his knowledge or consent." This gave the merchant unbounded pleasure, and he said to a friend, one day, "That boy, Clarence, is honest to the core. What could I do without him? Verily, he is an indispensable boy."

ONE day a rich merchant of the town called on Mr. Mason and said: "You have in your employ young Clarence Brown, whose good name has reached my counting-room, and whose services I greatly need. It would not be honorable for me to employ him without your consent." "Indeed," promptly answered Mr. Mason, "without my consent you could not have employed him. His honesty and fidelity are marvelous." "I can make him an unusually good offer," said the merchant. "Not better than I shall be compelled to make him then," said Mr. Mason. "A boy like that is a treasure which a business man cannot afford to lose or part with. Your visit with me is a godsend to Clarence, and I am fearful that I myself have not sufficiently appreciated the rights of the boy to an increase of salary." So that evening Mr. Mason said, "What wages do you receive now?" Clarence answered, and the merchant told the story of the call he had received and the opportunity which had come to Clarence, and said: "From this time I give you not only what the new proposal would have secured, but I add even to that, for, Clarence"

(and the old man's eyes twinkled as the tears gathered in them as he spoke), "you are an indispensable boy."

A SHORT time after that the old man said to Clarence: "I am growing old, and it is time for me to lay new plans for my business. I have made more money since you came into my employ than in twice that length of time before. I have decided that I will take you into partnership with me. I can give counsel; you can execute. You are young and active, and have what business men in this day call 'push.' My experience and capital with your fidelity and enterprise will greatly increase the power of this institution. So I propose to complete arrangements with you which will make you a sharer in my establishment." Clarence said, "Come to see my mother about it," and when the old man went they three had a long chat together. It was a beautiful meeting. It was a harvest day for a true mother, and a time of rejoicing for a faithful boy. And the old man was the happiest of the three as he signed the last document and passed it over to the boy, saying to Mrs. Brown, "Your boy is a man, and is to me indispensable."

THE years that followed brought success and wealth and friends to Clarence. He became very influential. His word was as good as an oath. His opinion was regarded as finality. His counsel was sought in politics. He refused offices enough to satisfy an ambitious man. On the Board of Trade every body looked up to him. In the Church he was both respected and loved. Society made him almost an idol. And the adjective applied to him by old Mr. Mason was long remembered and often repeated, so that teachers and fathers would speak to their students and children about "the indispensable boy."

WE wonder why it is that boys and girls do not make themselves indispensable. Why should they be seeking places? Why should they not so live as to make places seek them? One who can do any work well will have no difficulty in finding employment. He who finds employment, and is industrious and economical, will always have money. The way to have one's salary increased is to make increase profitable to the employer. Cheap labor is not always the most advantageous labor. The indispensable boys and girls are those whose work cannot be as well done by others, and who, although expensive, because their work is so well done, are really cheapest in the end to those who employ or patronize them.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW. September 26.

EVERY lesson in the Bible is in some sense a missionary lesson. It is in itself a message sent from God. It sets forth man's need or God's grace. It tells of Christ or of his relation to the sinner. It shows what Christ can do for a sinner when he transforms him into a saint. It makes clear the relation of the saint to his Saviour, and opens the way for constant communion.

What a volume of doctrine and duty and privilege is contained in the lessons of the past quarter. Is man *blind?* Behold One who can give him sight. Is he a dependent *sheep?* Behold the strong and vigilant Shepherd who knoweth and loveth and calleth and keepeth his own. Is he *dying?* Behold the eye that can see through distance, and the heart that holdeth a purpose of life. Is he *dead?* Behold the One who can bring the dead out of their graves by the word of his power. Who is *he?* Hosannah! Blessed is the King! Would *men* from beyond Jewish limits know him? Lo, a light! Hark as a voice from heaven speaks concerning him. And all men shall be drawn by him. Is he the *King of heaven* and the King of souls? Behold he washeth the feet of his disciples. Shall not all who know him be forever true to him? Read of Judas and of Peter, and contrast the divine fidelity with human falsity and forgetfulness. Will he turn in wrath upon human souls so weak and recreant, and will he forsake them in sorrow? Hear his tender "Let not your heart be troubled." Do we seek his life and strength and holiness? Then abide in him as the branch in the true vine. But how shall we abide in him, the absent and invisible One? Lo, the Comforter, who will come to guide and bless and teach us all things! How shall we be kept through all the evil and peril of this mortal life? Hear the prayer of the Redeemer and think of his grace. He is able to save unto the uttermost.

THE KNOWING BOY.

IT is a sad thing to see a boy whose idea of manliness is in the direction of disrespect and disobedience to his parents. The boy who alludes to a loving father as "the old man," and scorns his mother's "apron strings," has started upon a course that is as despicable as it is dangerous. There is an important lesson in this extract from an exchange:

"'My boy,' said a father to his only son, 'you are in bad company. The lads with whom you go indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theaters. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society.'

"'You needn't be afraid of me, father,' replied the boy, laughing. 'I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go, and when to stop.'

"The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the 'old man's notions.' A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for crime. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things:

"'My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin.'

"Mark the confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

SCHOOL is open! The pale and listless youngsters, who gladly threw aside books and slates in June, are back again with berry-brown hands and sun-kissed cheeks, mind and body renewed by vacation and ready for work.

THE teachers are making new plans for the year. Why should not the boys and girls make plans, too? You are between two years—one past and one coming, one made and one to make. Make it better than the last.

How?

Try this way:

Take a note-book, a pencil, and an attentive mind into every recitation, and use all three. From the teacher and your classmates you will probably hear explained all the points that troubled you so when you studied the lesson. Put them in that note-book.

YOUR note-book becomes a treasure-house. Save an hour every day when you can review the day's lessons. Your memory will be fresh, and your note-book never forgets. The two will make the dark places in the lessons shine. That fastens the lesson.

CONTINUE this system till it becomes a habit. Review every day. You may not appreciate its value at first, but give it a fair trial. You will rise in your teacher's rank-book, and, what is far better, you will grow in mental power. And isn't that what you want to do in the bright school-year which has just opened?

HOPE nothing from luck, and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned, and forearmed that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE best armor is to keep out of gunshot.—*Lord Bacon.*

BEST BOOKS.

From Meadow-Sweet to Mistletoe. Pictures and Verses by Mary A. Lathbury. Published by Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York. This volume is a marvel of art. Miss Lathbury is at her best in its soft and delicate pictures, full of childish brightness, innocence, and gladness, while the songs are in the best strain of our Chautauqua poetess.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

THE obviously great character of the man, and the prestige of his singular career, doubtless gave authority to his word, so that his hearers felt as did Beattie, who heard him at Aberdeen, and who remarked, after one of his ordinary discourses, that "it was not a masterly sermon, yet none but a master could have preached it;" but before he had any such prestige, his calm power in the pulpit was as extraordinary as at any later period. The stoutest hearts quailed before him; the most hardened men sank to the earth overwhelmed; infuriated mobs retreated, oftener yielded, acknowledging the magic of his word; and their leaders, shouting in his defense above the din of the tumult, conducted him safely and in triumph to his lodgings. There was a trait of military coolness and command in his manner at times which reminds us of his namesake,† the greatest captain of his country. It is doubtful whether, like Whitefield or Charles Wesley, he wept much in preaching; he exhorted and entreated, but he mostly spoke as "one having authority" from God. Hence the effectiveness of his rebukes, as often recorded in his Journals. "Be silent or be gone," he cried once to a party of papists in Ireland, who interrupted his services, "and their noise ceased." "A few gentry" disturbed one of his assemblies; he "rebuked them openly, and they stood corrected." "I rebuked him sharply," he writes of a certain character, "and he was ashamed." In a brilliant congregation, among whom were honorable and right honorable persons, he says, "I felt they were given into my hands, for God was in the midst of us." At times, however, there was mixed with this authoritative power an overwhelming pathos. In the midst of a mob "I called," he writes, "for a chair; the winds were hushed, and all was calm; my heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, my mouth with arguments. They were amazed, they were ashamed, they were melted down, they devoured every word." That must have been genuine eloquence.

His Journals continually afford examples of his power over his opponents. On entering one of his congregations he meets a man who refuses to return his bow, or to kneel during the prayer, or to stand during the singing; but under the sermon his countenance changes; soon he turns his face abashed to the wall; he stands at the second hymn, kneels at the second prayer, and as Wesley goes out catches him by the hand, and takes leave of him "with a hearty blessing." As he approaches an out-door assembly, in another place, "a huge man" runs fully against him; he repeats the insult with oaths, and, pressing furiously through the crowd, plants himself close by the preacher. Before the close of the sermon his countenance changes; soon he takes off his hat, and when Wesley concludes, seizes his hand, "presses it earnestly, and goes away as quiet as a lamb." He was once accosted in Moorfields by a drunkard who could hardly stand. Wesley conversed with him and gave him his tract called, "A Word to a Drunkard." "Sir, sir," he stammered, "I am wrong; I know I am wrong." He held Wesley by the hand for a full half hour. "I believe," says the latter, "he got drunk no more." In his prayers, as well as his exhortations, was this singular power manifest. "As we were concluding," he writes at Newcastle, "an eminent backslider came into my mind, and I broke out abruptly, 'Lord, is Saul also among the prophets? Is James Watson here? If he be, show thy power!' Down dropped James Watson like a stone, and began crying aloud."

The calm ministerial authority which so much characterized him was not assumed; it was the spontaneous effect of a true and a natural courage. Military men instinctively recognized it whenever they came into his presence; and soldiers were among his most respectful hearers and enthusiastic admirers. Had he been a military leader he would have been the cool, intrepid man in the field that he was in the mob. It was not only his maxim always "to face the mob," but he invariably kept his ground till he conquered it. He was sometimes pelted, pushed, dragged by clamorous thousands from village to village, in the night, while the rain descended in a storm, and yet as self-possessed "as if he were in his study;" and his calm voice, ringing in prayer above the noise, silenced with awe the excited multitude, and converted their leaders into defenders who safely delivered him. Such a man on a field of battle would have courageously done whatever was to be done, whether it were to lead a forlorn hope, to head a charge, or, more difficult still, to conduct a perilous retreat. It is doubtful whether John Wesley ever felt, or could readily feel, the emotion of terror. Such a susceptibility would seem to have been incompatible with his temperament. Not only in mobs, when his life was at stake, but in sudden and perilous accidents, he never lost his self-possession. As he was hastening through a narrow street a cart swiftly turned into it; he checked his horse, but was "shot over its head as an arrow from a bow," and lay with his arms and legs stretched in a line close to the wall. The wheel grazed along his side, soiling his clothes. "I found no flutter of spirit," he says, "but the same composure as if I had been sitting in my study." Trifles, so called, often reveal the characters of great men better than their most conspicuous deeds. The bending forest shows the course of the storm, but straws show it as well and more readily.

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

† Wellington was of the same ancestry, and their names were originally the same.

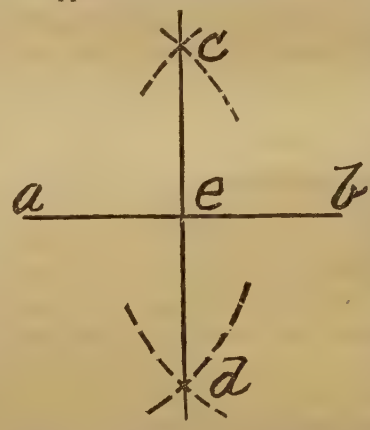
REMEMBER "Good Tidings Day." It is the Sunday-school day of the year. "Children's Day," in June, is the Board of Education day. The real SUNDAY-SCHOOL DAY is "Good Tidings Day," in October. Notice the date: Sunday, October 17.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

MECHANICAL DRAWING.

Problem II. *To draw a line perpendicular* (at right angles to) *to another through its middle point.*

Suppose we have a line *a b*, and wish to draw another line through the middle of it at right angles to it, how shall we proceed?

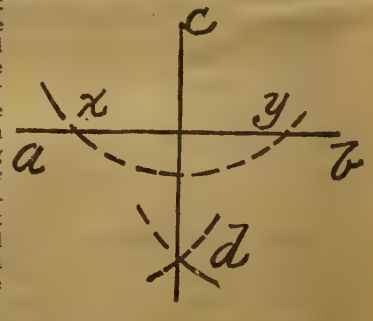


First, we will put our pin or compass leg at *a*, and with the pencil at a distance greater than half the line *a b*, draw partial circles above and below the line *a b*. Then we make *b* the pivot, and with the same length of string (or width of compass) draw two other circles, cutting the others at the points *c* and *d*. A line drawn between *c* and *d* will be perpendicular to *a b* and will cut it at its middle point *e*. By this rule we find both a perpendicular and a middle point. This is an interesting way to find the middle of a line, but we should justly lose a reputation for being practical if we were not to mention the far simpler method of taking the measure of a board with a piece of string, which when doubled will give the half of the length directly. A carpenter, however, would never think of resorting to any such method while he owned a two-foot rule.

In making drawings on paper it is often more exact to use the rule we have given above.

Problem III. *To draw a line from a point above a line perpendicular to that line.*

From the point *c* we want to draw a line which shall be perpendicular to the line *a b*. First of all we put our pin at *c*, and make the distance along the string from pin to pencil to bring the marking point some distance below the line *a b*. Now we draw a circle which cuts the line *a b* in the points *x* and *y*. With *x* and *y* as pivots and with a string length greater than half the line *x y*, we make two partial circles below the line, cutting each other at *d*. The line drawn from *c* to *d* will be perpendicular to the line *a b*, and we have accomplished what we started out to do.



PRACTICE PROBLEMS.

1. Two boys start from the corner of a new house-frame and walk away at right angles to each other on the beams. When one boy has gone 8 feet from the corner, he is 10 feet from the other boy. How far had the latter walked from the corner?

2. In the middle of a board 6 feet long a man raised a perpendicular stick 4 feet high. How far was the top of the stick from each end of the board?

Think these problems over and work them out. Then go to the other members of the family and see if they agree with you. We acknowledge that these first questions are hardly difficult enough to consume much midnight oil, but we promise some nuts to crack before long.

THE JOURNALIST.

The Journalist is a model paper in more ways than one. It gives its editors a summer vacation, which is more than most papers do. While other editors have been working on through heat and dust, the editors of *The Journalist* have enjoyed idleness and recreation among the mountains, at the sea-side, or on the shores of some inland lake.

Come, ye rested ones, and resume your duties. *The Journalist*, No. 4, must soon appear. The type, press, and printers are ready and waiting. October 16 is the date of its appearance, and by Saturday, October 2, all contributions must reach OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J.

The departments are as follows:

Editorial. On any subject. 250 *words.*

Poem. Sixteen lines on any subject. Incident preferred.

Press Notices. Fictitious notices of *The Journalist*, purporting to come from half a dozen leading papers. 200 *words.*

Illustrated Biographical Sketch. Life of any prominent public man, accompanied by original sketch of his face from a photograph or picture. 200 *words.*

[*Note.*—The drawings should be in India ink on white card-board. They should be at least 4 in. x 4 in., and should be sent *flat*, not folded or rolled.]

☞ **The drawing must reach us by Wednesday, September 29.**

Story. A well-written, compact story of 400 *words.*

Reporter's Article. Description of an imaginary fire. Scene at the conflagration, gallant rescue, etc. 250 *words.*

An Interview. Best interview with a railroad engineer, street-car driver, or letter-carrier about his work. 250 *words.*

Puzzle Department. Original riddles and acrostics. 200 *words.*

CONDITIONS.

1. The contributions must be in promptly by October 2 (the sketch by September 29).
2. The writing must be on only one side of the paper.
3. No manuscripts returned unless accompanied by stamps.

The successful contestant in each department will receive a book as a prize.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A NEW MYSTERY.

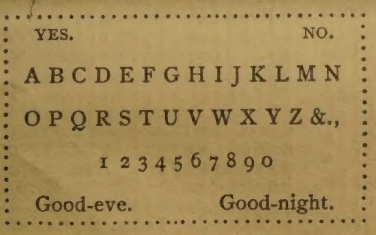
PEOPLE actually pine to be imposed upon. Spiritualists, fortune-tellers, astrologers, and the like are turning people's credulity in cash every day.

One of the daily papers describes a new mystery, which has been creating great excitement in some western towns. The device is a simple one, and some of our readers may enjoy making experiments with the talking table.

"Planchette is simply nowhere," said a Western man at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "compared with the new scheme for mysterious communication that is being used out in Ohio. I know of whole communities that are wild over the 'talking board,' as some of them call it. I have never heard any name for it, but I have seen and heard some of the most remarkable things about its operations—things that seem to pass all human comprehension or explanation."

"What is the board like?"

"Give me a pencil and I will show you. The first requisite is the operating board. It may be rectangular, about 18 by 20 inches. It is inscribed like this:



"The 'Yes' and the 'No' are to start and stop the conversation. The 'Good-evening' and 'Good-night' are for courtesy. Now a little table three or four inches high is procured with four legs. Any one can make the whole apparatus in fifteen minutes, with a jack-knife and a marking brush. You take the board in your lap, another person sitting down with you. You each grasp the little table with the thumb and forefinger at each corner next you. Then the question is asked, 'Are there any communications?' Pretty soon you think the other person is pushing the table. He thinks you are doing the same. But the table moves around to 'yes' or 'no.' Then you go on asking questions, and the answers are spelled out, by the legs of the table resting on the letters, one after the other. Sometimes the table will cover two letters with its feet and then you hang on and ask that the table may be moved from the wrong letter, which is done. Some remarkable conversations have been carried on until men have become in a measure superstitious about it. I know of a gentleman whose family became so interested in playing with the witching thing that he burned it up. The same night he started out of town on a business trip. The members of his family looked for the board and could not find it. They got a servant to make them a new one. Then two of them sat down and asked what had become of the other table. The answer was spelled out, giving a name, 'Jack burned it.'

"There are, of course, any number of nonsensical and irrelevant answers spelled out, but the workers pay little heed to them. If the answers are relevant they talk them over with a superstitious awe. One gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he got a communication about a title to some property from his dead brother, which was of great value to him. It is curious, according to those who have worked most with the new mystery, that while two persons are holding the table, a third person, sitting in the same room some distance away, may ask the questions, without even speaking them aloud, and the answers will show they are intended for him. Again, answers will be returned to the inquiries of one of the persons operating, when the other can get no answer at all."

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—VII.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

THE next week Katrina claimed the honor of having the K. D. S. meet at her home, and on the morning of the day she retired to the small hall room which she called her studio, declaring that she was about to invent something entirely new for the occasion.

The result of her efforts called forth animated applause from the other Katies when, at the appointed time, she produced what they all declared to be one of the prettiest sachets they had even seen.

"Tell us how you did it," said Kittie, "for it is just the thing that I want to make for Cousin Mattie."

"It was somewhat of an experiment," replied Katrina, "as I had never seen one like it before, but it is easy enough now to describe it to you. I took a quarter of a yard of white surah silk, and made it into a bag of the size I wished, fringing it at the top to the depth of about an inch. Then I hunted for some Oriental lace that should be two inches wide and that should have some little flowers in its pattern. At last I was successful, and I soon turned the pale things into forget-me-nots by painting, with water-colors, their petals blue, and then dotting the centers of each with a drop of gilding. I tinted the edge of the lace also with blue and then I gathered the whole—there was about three-quarters of a yard—and tied it around the top of the bag with white ribbon, so that the fringe of the surah just showed above the top of the lace. If I had had more time I would have painted some sprays of forget-me-nots on the surah itself, and since I have finished this sachet I have thought of others that could be made on the same plan. A very pretty one could be made by painting little English daisies on the bag, and turning the design of the lace into the same kind of flowers by the addition of a pink tint. Yellow daisies also could be manufactured in the same way."

The sachet was so much admired by the girls that Katrina resolved in secret that each of them should receive one on Christmas morning.

"This seems to be a day of bags," said Kittie, "for I, too, have a specimen. I begged it of Mira Hall to show you. It is made, you see, of this dark blue silk handkerchief. A casing is run in a circle around the inside, and narrow ribbons of four colors—pink, garnet, light-blue, and yellow—are used for drawing-strings. Put these in so that the bag will draw up at both sides. Then get some brass curtain rings, one half of an inch in diameter, and some quills of button-hole silk of a dozen different colors, using the quill for a needle. You button-hole the silk over the rings, each quill of silk being enough to cover four rings. When you have thus transformed six dozen of the rings you sew them on the edge of the handkerchief at a distance of about an inch. You can put a larger ring at each corner if you like, and if your handkerchief is thin it is a good plan to line the bag to keep your scissors from poking through their inquisitive points."

"And now," exclaimed Kate, "it is my turn to bag something—forgive the pun—so let me show you something in the useful line." And she produced a bright-looking affair, announcing: "For soiled collars and cuffs! It is not my own invention, as Nan Holmes gave it to me to-day as a philopena present. Its mechanism, as you see, is quite simple. You take a small Turkish towel—you can get such pretty ones now, you know—and make it into a bag by folding it in the middle and over-seaming the edges. Sew little brass rings around the inside, two inches from the top, and through them run the ribbon by which to hang it up. *Voilà*, as Madame would say."

"Girls," said Kittie, "this bag reminds me of a problem that has been troubling my mind of late. Prepare for a grave question. It is this: How do you keep your top bureau drawer in order?"

"I don't," said Kate. "So my answer is easy enough."

"Well, I don't either," said Kittie, "and that is just the point."

"O, you mean, How would I keep it in order if I *did?* Now it seems to me that that question is somewhat metaphysical—something like a conundrum within a conundrum."

"We shall have to have the answer then next time," said Katherine, as the clock chimed the hour of departure, and the society adjourned.

ABJURE slang sternly and upon principle; if for no other reason because it narrows your vocabulary. It is the favorite refuge of the slovenly and the indolent. If your thought does not deserve a neat dress, keep it in some back closet of your own brain.—*Marion Harland.*

PIN-CUSHIONS are made in a variety of forms, and vary in size from five to twelve inches. They are usually filled with bran. Small gilt baskets are converted into pin-cushions by being filled and stuffed, the tops covered with satin. The Siamese twin cushion is unique; it is two square cushions united just at one corner, with a loop of ribbon across the joining, so that they appear like a bow, the cushions each forming a loop. Another novelty is a pin-cushion like a miniature puffed ottoman, the two cushions placed corner-wise across the other. They are made in Oriental patterned silk and edged with gold cord.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Western Australia.

(Area, 975,920 sq. miles; population, 31,233; ruler, British governor, Sir F. N. Broome.)

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, although the most extensive of the British colonies in Australia, is the least in population, and the map presents only the south-western district, which contains nearly all the settlements. The interior of the country is almost wholly unknown, but an English colony was planted in the south-western angle in 1829. Here a tract of fertile country intervenes between the low mountain ranges and the coast. The colony was mainly agricultural and its growth was slow. At the end of twenty years the population of this Swan River Settlement, as it was called, was but 6,000, notwithstanding the attractions of a rich soil and a genial climate. The transportation of criminals from Great Britain and the great inpouring of gold-seekers helped to double the population within the next ten years, and now that these sources of growth have disappeared the colony continues to increase slowly but perceptibly. Wool and lead are almost the sole articles of export, but recent discoveries have indicated rich sources of future wealth. Travelers in the northern regions report a tract of 20,000,000 acres of well-watered and fertile soil awaiting the hand of the farmer, and deposits of copper and coal have been found in the mountains. That the colony is now poor means that it is, as yet, undeveloped, for it certainly possesses abundantly the resources which, in the hands of an industrious people, make a prosperous state. The capital is Perth, a town of a few thousand inhabitants. Fremantle, the next town in importance, is of about equal size. Several points in the interior are connected with the coast by short railroads, aggregating about one hundred miles. There are 1,600 miles of telegraphs connecting the inhabited section with the northern coast and with South Australia. The population is almost entirely of British descent. About one half of the colonists are classed as adherents of the English Church; one fourth are Roman Catholics, and the remainder belong to the various Protestant sects. Education is compulsory, but one adult out of every ten is unable to read or write. A few thousands of the black aborigines of Australia still exist in this colony, but their exact number is unknown.

Prince Alexander's Abdication.

THE unexpected continues to happen in Bulgaria, the little state which the European Powers created at Berlin in 1878 to stand in the way of the Russian advance toward Constantinople. The whole aim of Russia for eight years has been to shake off the checks which the Treaty of Berlin had fixed upon her. She endeavored in every way to win the favor of Alexander, the young German prince whom the Powers had set up as the figure-head of the new state. But Alexander found his people ambitious to become a nation rather than a Russian dependency, and he rejected Russian offers in the hope of achieving independence for his people. Bulgaria has prospered under his rule, and has doubled its territory by a union with Eastern Roumelia. Alexander's policy seemed eminently successful, when suddenly a conspiracy of his own counselors deposed him and sent him out of the country. Russia is supposed to have prompted this movement; but Alexander's popularity with the army and the people caused a counter-revolution, and after a week of exile he re-entered his capital amid loud expressions of joy. He again assumed the throne; at the same time, as if to appease the czar for the failure of the conspiracy, he wrote a letter to the Russian monarch humbly professing to hold his power at the will of the czar. The reply was harsh. The prince was shortly told that his return was a blunder, and that Bulgaria could have no peace while he remained its ruler. Yet it was supposed that the influence of England, Austria, and even Germany would be exerted to keep him on his throne. On Sept. 6, however, the prince announced his intention to abdicate, and leave the country for which he felt he could do no more. A regency was thereupon formed to conduct the government until the choice of a successor to the prince. The Berlin Treaty prescribes that the prince shall be chosen by the Bulgarian people, with the consent of the Turkish government and the approval of the European Powers. Russia has recognized the regency as the legal government, and will send a resident military envoy to insure Russian interests in the principality. The removal of Alexander is looked upon as the work of Russia, aided by Germany, who seeks to maintain an alliance with that country.

Austria seems to acquiesce in the affair, and England appears to stand alone in opposition. England has sufficient reasons for such a course. In the first place, Alexander is a brother of Prince Henry, the favorite son-in-law of the queen, and is known to be in personal communication with her. Again, Lord Salisbury, who had a chief hand in the proceedings at Berlin, by which Russia was excluded from the Bulgarian territory which she had conquered in war with Turkey, is now Premier of Great Britain, and will hardly sit calmly by while his work is undone. England considers the Russian advance toward Constantinople as a step on the road to India. A large party exists in Great Britain which sees in every act of Russia, whether toward the Bosphorus or among the Afghan passes, a purpose to attack and conquer the rich countries which Victoria rules as Empress of India. Should Russia succeed in absorbing Alexander's realm, her armies would be almost as near the Turkish capital as they were in 1878, when England ordered them to stand back. It is this consideration which makes the resignation of the petty prince of a poverty-stricken state a subject of deep solicitude in Europe, and of interest to Americans.

The End of the Indian War.

GERONIMO, the chief the Chiricahua Apaches, is once more a captive. His repeated escapes have made his captors vigilant, and his career as a warrior is at an end. With his surrender closed one of the most difficult campaigns which has ever occupied our frontier troops.

It was not a campaign of battles and sieges, and the losses of men and animals are few, but for months it has taken nearly the whole strength of the army in the South-west to overtake and capture a few score warriors, traveling with their women and baggage. Even when the troops were close upon their track the Indians have suddenly attacked lonely cattle stations, killing the few inhabitants and driving off the cattle to supply their commissary department. The Indians knew every defile of the mountains, every spring of sweet water, and when hard pressed they left Arizona for the mountains and deserts of Sonora, where the pursuers were beset with double difficulties arising from their ignorance of the country and the half-hearted support or even the treachery of Mexicans, who are charged with buying from the Indians the stolen cattle from across the border. Several times Geronimo has come into camp and given himself up, but his days of captivity have invariably been short, and he has usually taken the war-path richer than he came by some horses branded with the army mark. On one occasion when he escaped from the soldiers he left his wife in custody, and returned a few nights later, risking his life and liberty, to set her free.

It is thought that Geronimo will be tried by a military court, and it is probable that he will be sentenced to death. The people of Arizona, who have lived in dread of his forays, clamor for his execution. His tribe, which ten years of warfare have reduced to a small fraction of its former strength, will be removed eastward from the Territory which it has terrorized. Texas, or perhaps Florida, will receive the remnant of the Chiricahuas. Here it is thought that they may learn the arts of peace after they have been hunted down for years. Here, at least, in an unknown country, and bereft of their savage leader, they cannot prolong their losing struggle against civilization.

A Brief Survey.

THE destructive shock of earthquake of August 31, at Charleston, S. C., was followed by a succession of slight shocks which lasted for a week and kept many of the inhabitants in a state of terror. Several thousand people continued to dwell out of doors, and the scant supply of tents occasioned some suffering. Many cities throughout the Union contributed funds for relieving the distress, and Queen Victoria telegraphed her sympathy.——The election of State officers in Arkansas, September 6, resulted in the success of the Democratic candidates by the usual majorities. Vermont elected a full Republican State ticket September 7. The campaign in Maine gains interest from the fact that Mr. Blaine is actively engaged on the Republican side.——In an election riot at Daleyville, Texas, September 6, three men were killed and several others wounded.——Sedgwick, special agent of the United States Department of State, is investigating the facts of the seizure of Cutting by the Mexican government for an offense committed in Texas. A new complaint against Mexico comes from two Americans, Wood and Gaskell, who allege that they were arrested on their ranch in northern Mexico on account of the disappearance of their friend, one Hanson, who went to California and did not return. Hanson's property was seized and the Americans were thrown into jail, where they have remained a year without a hearing.

Samuel Morley, a distinguished philanthropist and a former member of the British Parliament, is dead at the age of seventy-seven.——"El Coyote," a famous bandit, has had sharp fights with Mexican troops and police during a recent raid in the State of New Laredo.——North-western India has been excited by a circular calling upon the natives to rise and assist the Russians to come in and possess the land.——The Spanish papers say that Germany has not taken advantage of the permission to establish a naval station in the Caroline Islands. This indicates that the Carolines dispute with Spain, in which Pope Leo was appointed referee, was only a pretext for securing the good-will of the Pope for Bismarck's parliamentary projects.——Parnell has introduced a bill for reducing the Irish rents, so that the tenant farmers can pay them and be safe from eviction, at least during the approaching cold season. ——The town council of Edinburgh, Scotland, has accepted a gift of $250,000 from Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, Pa., for the founding of a free library. ——The German Imperial Parliament (*Reichstag*) meets September 16 for the autumn session.—— The British trades-union congress adopted resolutions declaring it to be the duty of the state to pay the official expenses of parliamentary elections and to pay salaries to members of Parliament.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish-dealer.

"Throw them?" queried the dealer.

"Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—*Ex.*

—Economy is Wealth.—"Shure, Michael, they only bees wan shmall sup o' th' porridge lift. Will Oi give it to the pig or th' childer?"

"L'ave the pig have ut, Mary Ann. Faith, the kids 'll git th' binefit av ut when he's kilt."—*Puck.*

—Bobby came into the house sobbing and told his mother that Tommy White had kicked him.

"Well, Tommy White is a very bad boy," said Bobby's mother, giving him a large piece of cake. "You didn't kick him back, did you?"

"No," replied Bobby between bites, "I kicked him first."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Anxious mother—"It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?"

Father—"Good idea."

Mother—"What kind of iron had she better take?"

Father—"She had better take a flat iron."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A woman sold her wash-tub to a party of riflemen for a target. They paid her $1 50 for it, and after they had gone home she went out into the field and brought it back as good as it ever was.—*Ex.*

—No Trouble.—"Do you have much trouble in getting your children to take medicine?" said Mrs. Green, addressing Mrs. Black.

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"How do you manage it?"

"Well, for instance, when I want my boy to take castor oil, I pour the oil into a glass and say, 'Here, Tom, drink this; but you needn't ask for any more.' Then he drinks it with apparent relish, believing that I am not anxious for him to take it. He always asks for more. O, no; it is no trouble to get my children to take medicine."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Influential citizen—"So ye're thinkin' uv locatin' hyur, air ye?"

Young physician—"Well, yes, I had thought some of practicing here."

Influential citizen—"Practizin'! Look hyur, young man, thar's a good openin' hyur for a doctor ez un'erstands his biz, but we don't want no practizin'; doctorin's what we want."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Most English-speaking Germans use the word "already" without much regard to sense. "It is a fine day, already;" "Where are you going, already?" are fair specimens.

Recently in Harlem a physician was hastily summoned to attend a man who was injured by an accident. The door was opened by the unfortunate man's wife, who said with tears rolling down her face,

"You vas too late, doctor, too late; mein man vas dead, already."—*Ex.*

—One of the banners displayed at Mr. Gladstone's reception in Edinburgh the other day bore the following couplet:

"Great is thy power and great thy fame;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name."

The motto had been slyly furnished by a Tory, and it had been hanging up all day before it was found that it was the opening couplet of Burns's "Address to the Devil."—*Ex.*

—An old woman recently sold to a gentleman two well-conditioned geese. When they were cooked they were brought forth for a gala occasion, but neither of them could be eaten. They were tough beyond belief. Next day the gentleman went to the old woman more in sorrow than in anger.

"I could have forgiven you one such," said he, "but what did you mean by selling me *two* geese at once so incredibly and unprecedentedly tough as those?"

"Law me," said the old women, putting up her hands, "them geese had lived together for twenty-one years, and I couldn't bear to think of their bein' separated in death!"—*Ex.*

—Tombstone dealer (to widow)—"Would you like the cause of your husband's death explained on the stone, madam?"

Widow—"Well—er—perhaps it might be appropriate to engrave a couple of cucumbers on it, if you will."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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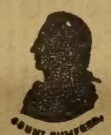

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